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THE WILD HUNTRESS.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.—THE SQUATTER'S CLEARING.

THE white-headed eagle, soaring over the spray of a Tennessean forest, looks down upon the clearing of the squatter. To the eye of the bird, it is alone visible; and though but a spot in the midst of that immense green sea, it is conspicuous by the colour of the trees that stand over it. They stand, but grow not: the girdling ring around their stems has deprived them of their sap—the ivory bill of the *log-cock* has stripped them of their bark—their leaves and twigs have long since disappeared; and only the trunks and greater branches remain, like blanched skeletons, with arms upstretched to heaven, as if mutely appealing for vengeance against their destroyer.

The squatter's clearing, therefore, still thus encumbered, is a mere vital opening in the woods, where the underwood alone has been removed. The more slender saplings have been cut down or rooted up—the tangle of parasitical plants has been torn from the trees—the cane-brake has been set on fire—and the brush, collected in heaps, has melted away upon the blazing pile. Only a few stumps of inferior thickness remain, as evidence that a little labour has been performed by the axe.

Even as it is, the clearing is a mere patch—scarcely two acres in extent—and the rude rail-fence, that zigzags around it, attests that the owner is satisfied with the dimensions of his agricultural domain. There are no recent marks of the axe—not even the 'girdling' of a tree—nothing to shew that another rood is required. The squatter is essentially a hunter, and hates the sight of an extensive clearing, as he would the labour of making one. The virgin forest is his domain, and he is not the man to rob it of its primeval charms. The sound of the lumberer's axe, cheerful to the lonely traveller, has no music for the ear of the squatter: it is to him a note of evil augury—a knell of dread import. It is not often that he hears it: he dwells beyond the circle of its echoes. His nearest neighbour—a squatter like himself—lives at least a league off, and the most proximate 'settlement' is twice that distance from the spot he has chosen for his cabin. The smoke of his chimney mingles with that of no other; its tall column ascends to heaven solitary as the squatter himself.

The clearing is of an irregular semicircular shape—a deep narrow stream forming the chord, and afterwards clearing its way through the otherwise unbroken forest; while in the convexity of the arc, at that point most remote from the water, stands the cabin—a log

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'shanty' with 'cla'-board' roof—on one side flanked by a rude horse-shed, on the other by a corn-crib of split rails.

Such a picture is common enough in the backwoods of America; and some might deem it commonplace. For my part, I cannot regard it in this light. I have never looked upon this primitive homestead of the pioneer without being impressed with a peculiar feeling—one of pleasure. Something seems to impart to it an air of vague and mystic grandeur. Perhaps I associate the picture with the frame in which it is set—the magnificent forest that surrounds it, every aisle of which is redolent of romance. Such scenes are suggestive of border lore and legend—of perils by flood and field, always pleasant to be remembered—of desperate deeds of heroism performed by gallant pioneers, or their equally gallant antagonists—that red chivalry who once strode proudly along the forest-path, but whose upright forms are no longer seen under the shadows of its trees. Perhaps it is from reflections of this kind that I view with interest the clearing and cabin of the squatter; or perhaps it may be from having at one period encountered incidents in connection with such a scene, of a character never to be forgotten.

In a certain morning of mid-spring, perhaps the eye of the eagle soaring in the sky above looked down upon just such a picture. If in winter it might be termed rude or commonplace, it now no longer merits the title: nature has girded on her robe of green, and by the touch of her magical wand, has toned down its rough features to an almost delicate softness. The young maize—planted in a soil that has lain fallow, perhaps for a thousand years—is rapidly culming upward; and the rich sheen of its long lance-like leaves, as they bend gracefully over, hides from view the sombre hues of the earth. The forest-trees appear with their foliage freshly expanded—some, as the tulip-tree, the dogwood, and the white magnolia, already in the act of inflorescence. The woods no longer maintain that monotonous silence which they have preserved throughout the winter: the red cardinal chatters among the cane; the blue jay screams in the pawpaw thicket—perhaps disturbed by the gliding of some slippery snake—while the mock-bird, regardless of such danger, from the top of a tall tulip-tree, pours forth his matchless melody in sweet ever-varying strain. The tiny bark of the squirrel, and the soft cooing of the Carolinian dove, may be heard among other sounds—the latter suggestive of earth's noblest passion, as its utterer is the emblem of devotion itself. Other sounds are heard, perhaps less agreeable to the ear: the shrill 'chirrup' of cicadas and tree-toads ringing so incessantly, that only when they cease do

you become conscious of their existence—the dull 'gluck-gluck' of the great bull-frog, and the hoarse croak of the black vultures (*aura* and *cathartes*), that, perched upon the tallest of the dead woods, press their foul beaks along its naked branches. Still less agreeable might appear the fierce mauling of the red *puma*—who has not yet retired to his lair—or the howl of the gaunt wolf; but not so to the ears of the awakened hunter, who, through the chinks of his lone cabin, listens to such sounds with a savage joy.

These fierce notes are now rare and exceptional—even in the backwoods—though, unlike the war-whoop of the Indian, they have not altogether departed. Occasionally, their echo may be heard through the aisles of the forest, but only in its deepest recesses—only in those remote river 'bottoms' where the squatter delights to dwell. Even there, they are heard only at night, and in the morning give place to softer and sweeter sounds.

Fancy, then, a fine morning in June—a sunshine that turns all it touches into gold—an atmosphere laden with the perfume of wild-flowers—the hum of honey-seeking bees—the songs of birds commingling in sweetest melody—and you have the *mise en scène* of a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Obion, half an hour after the rising of the sun. Can such a picture be called *commonplace*?—rather say it is enchanting.

And well might this be said of it, the moment after. In another instant, the bright sunshine, the forest glories of green and gold, the bird-music among the trees, the flowery aroma in the air, were no longer needed to give grace to the clearing of the squatter. It signified not that it was a morning in the middle of June: had it been the dreariest day of December, the effect would have been the same; and this resembled enchantment itself. The rude hut seemed at once changed into a palace—the dead trunks became Corinthian columns carved out of white marble—their stiff branches appeared to bend gracefully over, like the leaves of the recurrent *acanthus*—and the enclosure of carelessly tended maize-plants assumed the aspect of some fair garden of the Hesperides!

The explanation is easy. Magic is not needed to account for the transformation, since there exists a far more powerful form of enchantment in the divine presence of female beauty. And it was present there, in its distinct varieties of *dark* and *fair*—typified in the persons of two young girls who came forth from the cabin of the squatter: more than typified—completely symbolised—for in these two young girls there appeared not one point of resemblance, save the possession of a perfect beauty. The eye of the soaring eagle might not discover their charms—as did the bird of Jove those of the lovely Leda—but no human eye could have gazed for a moment on either one, without receiving the impression that it was looking upon the loveliest object on earth. This impression could only be altered, by turning to gaze upon the other.

Who are these young creatures? Sisters? There is nothing in their appearance to suggest the gentle relationship. One is tall, dark, and dark-haired, of that golden-brown complexion usually styled *brunette*. Her nose is slightly aquiline, and her eye of the oblique Indian type. Other features present an Indian character, especially observable in the nation

of the Chicasaws, the former lords of this great forest. She may have Indian blood in her veins, but her complexion is too light for that of a pure Indian.

Her dress strengthens the impression that she is a *half-blood*. The skirt is of the common homespun of the backwoods, striped with a yellowish dye; but the green bodice is of finer stuff, with more pretensions to style; and her neck and wrists are embraced by a variety of these glancing circlets, so seductive in the eyes of an Indian belle. The buskin-moccasin is purely Indian, and its lines of bead-embroidery gracefully adapt themselves to the outlines of feet and ankles of perfect form. The absence of a head-dress is another point of Indian resemblance. The luxuriant black hair is plaited, and coiled like a coronet around the head. There are no combs or pins of gold, but in their place a red flower—the trumpet-shaped blossom of a *bignonia*. This, set coquettishly behind the plaits, shews that some little attention has been given to the toilet; and simple though it be, the peculiar *coiffure* imparts that air usually styled 'commanding.'

Although there is nothing masculine in this young girl's beauty, a single glance at her features impresses you with the idea of a character of no ordinary kind—a nature more resolute than tender—a heart endowed with courage equalling that of a man. The idea is strengthened by the observation, that in her hand she carries a light rifle; while a horn and bullet-pouch, suspended from her left shoulder, hang under the right arm. She is not the only backwoods' maiden who may be seen thus armed and accoutred: many are even skilled in the use of the deadly weapon!

In striking contrast with all this is the appearance of her companion. The impression the eye receives in looking on the latter is that of something soft and beautiful, of a glorious golden hue: it is the reflection of bright amber-coloured hair on a blonde skin tinted with vermillion, imparting a sort of luminous radiance divinely feminine. Scrutinise this countenance more closely; and you perceive that the features are in perfect harmony with each other, and harmonise with the complexion. You behold a face, such as the Athenian fancy has elaborated into an almost living reality in the goddess Cytherea.

This creature of golden rosette hue is yet very young—scarcely more than a child; but in the blue sky above her burns a fiery sun; and in twelve months she will be a woman.

Her costume is still more simple than that of her companion: a sleeved dress of the same striped homespun, loosely worn, and open at the breast; her fine amber-coloured hair the only covering for her head—as it is the only shawl upon her shoulders, over which it falls in ample luxuriance. A string of pearls around her neck—false pearls, poor thing!—is the only effort that vanity seems to have made, for there is no other adornment. Even shoes and stockings are wanting; but the most costly *chapeaux* could not add to the elegance of those little *mignon* feet.

Who are they—these fair flowers of the forest?

Let the mystery end. They are sisters, though not the children of one mother: they are the daughters of the hunter—the owner of the cabin and clearing—his only children.

Happy hunter! poor you may be, and your home lowly; it can never be lonely in such companionship. The proudest prince may envy you the possession of two such treasures—beyond parallel, beyond price!

CHAPTER II.

MARIAN AND LILIAN.

Passing outward from the door, the two young girls paused in their steps: an object had attracted their attention. A large dog was seen running out from the shed, a gaunt, fierce-looking animal, that answered to the very appropriate name of 'Wolf.' He approached the sisters, and saluted them with an unwilling wag of his tail. It seemed as though he could not look pleased, even while seeking a favour—for this was evidently the purpose that had brought him forth from his lair in the shed. He appealed especially to the older of the girls—Marian.

'Ho, Wolf! I see your sides are thin, old fellow: you want your breakfast? What can we give him, Lil!'

'Indeed, sister, I know not what.'

'There is some deer-meat inside?'

'Ah! I fear father will not allow Wolf to have that. I heard him say he expected one to take dinner with him to-day? You know who?'

An arch smile accompanied this half-interrogatory; but, for all that, the words did not appear to produce a pleasant effect. On the contrary, a shade was observable on the brow of her to whom they were addressed.

'Yes, I *do* know. Well, he shall not dine with me. 'Tis just for that I've brought out my rifle. To-day, I intend to make my dinner in the woods, or go without, and that's more likely. Never fear, Wolf! you shall have your breakfast, whether I get my dinner or not. Now, for the life of me, Lil, I don't know what we can give the poor dog. Those buzzards are just within range; I could bring one of them down; but the filthy creatures, ugh! even a dog won't eat them.'

'See, sister! yonder is a squirrel. Wolf will eat squirrels, I know: but, ah! it's a pity to kill the little creature.'

'Not a bit. Yon little creature is a precious little thief; it's just been at our corn-crib. By killing it, I do justice in a double sense: I punish the thief, and reward the good dog. Here goes!'

The squirrel, scared from its depredation on the corn, swept nimbly over the ground towards the nearest tree. Wolf having espied it, rushed after in headlong pursuit. But it is a rare chance indeed when a dog captures one of these animals upon the ground; and Wolf, as usual, was unsuccessful.

He had 'treed' the squirrel; but what of that? The nimble creature, having swooped up to a high limb, seated itself there, and looked down upon its impotent pursuer with a nonchalant defiance—at intervals more emphatically expressing this sentiment by a saucy jerk of its tail. But this false security proved the squirrel's ruin. Deceived by it, the silly animal made no effort to conceal its body behind the branch; but, sitting upright in a fork, presented a fair mark to the rifle.

The girl raised the piece to her shoulder, took aim, and fired.

The shot told; and the tiny victim, hurled from its high perch—after making several somersaults in the air—fell right into the jaws of that hungry savage at the bottom of the tree.

Wolf made his breakfast upon the squirrel.

This young Diana of the backwoods appeared in no way astonished at the feat she had performed; nor yet Lilian. Doubtless, it was an everyday deed.

'You must learn to shoot, Lil!'

'O sister, for what purpose? You know I have neither the taste nor skill for it that you have.'

'The skill you will acquire by practice. It is worth knowing how, I can assure you: besides it is an accomplishment one might stand in need of some day. Why, do you know, sister, in the times of the Indians,

every girl understood how to manage a rifle?—so father says. True, the fighting Indians are gone away from here, but what if you were to meet a great bear in the woods?'

'Surely I should run away from him.'

'And surely I shouldn't, Lil. I have never met a bear, but I'd just like to try one.'

'Dear sister, you frighten me. Oh, do not think of such a thing! Indeed, Marian, I am never happy when you are away in the woods; I am always afraid of your meeting with some great wild beast, which may devour you. Tell me why do you go? I am sure I cannot see what pleasure you can have in being in the woods alone.'

'Alone! Ha, ha! Perhaps I am not *always* alone.' This was said in a low voice, not loud enough for Lilian to hear the words, though she observed the smile that accompanied their utterance.

'You see, sister Lil,' continued Marian in a louder tone, 'our tastes differ; you are young, and like better to read the story-books your mother left you, and look at the pictures in them. My mother left me no story-books nor pictures. She had none; and did not care for them, I fancy. She was half-Indian, you know; and I suppose I am like her: for I, too, prefer realities to pictures. I love to roam about in the woods; and as for the danger—pooh, pooh—I have no fear of that. I fear neither bear nor panther, nor any other quadruped. Ha, ha! I have more fear of a two-legged creature I know of; and I should be in more danger of meeting with that animal by *staying at home*.'

These words appeared to give rise to a train of reflections in which there was bitterness. The heroine of the rifle remained silent while in the act of re-loading, and the tinge of melancholy that pervaded her countenance told that her thoughts were abstracted. While priming the piece, she was even *maladroit* enough to spill a large quantity of the powder, but not from any lack of practice or dexterity.

Lilian had heard the concluding words of her sister's speech with some surprise, and also noticed the abstracted air. She was about to ask for an explanation, when the dialogue was interrupted. Wolf rushed past with a fierce growl: some one approached the clearing.

A horseman—a man of about thirty years of age, of spare form and somewhat sinister aspect—a face to be hated on sight. And at sight of it the shadow deepened on the brow of Marian.

Her sister exhibited no particular emotion. The new-comer was no stranger: it was only Josh Stebbins, the schoolmaster of Swampville. He was their father's friend, and came often to visit them: moreover, he was that day expected, as Lilian knew. Only in one way did she shew any interest in his arrival; and that was, on observing that he was better dressed than usual. The cut of his dress, too, was different.

'See, sister Marian,' cried she, laughing as she spoke, 'how fine Mister Josh is! black cloth coat and waist-coat—with a standing collar too! Why, he is exactly like the Methodist minister of Swampville! Maybe he has turned one. I shouldn't wonder, for they say he is very learned. Well, if that be, we may hear him preach at the next camp-meeting. How I should like to hear him hold forth!—ha, ha, ha!'

The young creature laughed heartily at her own fantastic conceits; and her clear silvery voice for a moment silenced the birds, as if they paused to listen to a music more melodious than their own. The mock-bird echoed back the laugh; but not so Marian. She had observed the novelty as well as her sister; but it appeared to impress her in a very different manner. She did not even smile at the approach of the stranger; but, on the contrary, the cloud upon her brow became a shade darker.

Marian was some years older than her sister—old enough to know that there was *evil* in the world: for

neither is the 'backwoods' the home of an Arcadian innocence.

She knew the schoolmaster sufficiently to dislike him; and, from his appearance, one would have given her credit for having formed a correct estimate of his character. She suspected the object of his visit; more than that, she knew it: *she was herself its object*. With indifferent grace, therefore, did she receive him: scarcely concealing her aversion as she bade him the customary welcome.

Without being gifted with any very acute perception, the new-comer might have observed the distaste of the young girl at his presence. He took no notice of it, however, either by word or the movement of a feature. On the contrary, he appeared perfectly indifferent to the character of the reception given him. Not that his manner betrayed anything like swagger—for he was evidently not one of the swaggering sort: rather was his behaviour characterised by a cool, quiet effrontery—a sort of sarcastic assurance—ten times more irritating. This was displayed in the laconic style of his salutation: 'Morning, girls! father at home?'—in the fact of his dismounting without waiting to be invited—in sharply scolding the dog out of his way as he led his horse to the shed; and, finally, in throwing the saddle-bags over his arm, and stepping inside the cabin-door, with the air of one who was not only master of the house, but of the 'situation.'

Inside the door, he was received by the squatter himself; and in the exchange of salutations, a close observer might have noted a remarkable difference in the manner of the two men; the guest cool, cynical, confident; the host agitated, with eye unsteady, and heart ill at ease. There was a strange significance in the salutation, as also in the little incident that followed. Before a dozen words had passed between the two men, the schoolmaster turned quietly upon his heel, and closed the door behind him—the squatter making no objection to the act, either by word or gesture!

The incident might appear of trifling importance; but not so to Marian, who stood near, watching every movement, and listening to every word. Why was the door closed, and by Josh Stebbins?—that rude door, that, throughout the long summer day, was accustomed to hang open on its raw-hide hinges? All day, and often all night—except during the cold wintry winds, or when rain-storms blew from the west? Why was it now closed, and thus unceremoniously? No wonder that Marian attached a significance to the act.

Neither had she failed to note the agitated mien of her father while receiving his visitor—that father, at all other times, and in the presence of all other people, so bold, fierce, and impassible! She observed all this with a feeling of pain. For such strange conduct, reflected she, there must be a cause, and a serious one.

The young girl stood for some moments in the attitude she had assumed. Her sister had gone aside to pluck some flowers growing by the bank of the stream, and Marian was now alone. Her eye was bent upon the door; and she appeared to hesitate between two thoughts. Should she approach and listen? She knew a little—she desired to know more.

She had not conjectured the object of the schoolmaster's visit; she was *certain* it concerned herself. It was not simply that that troubled her spirits; left to herself, she would have made light of such a suitor, and given him his *congé* with a brusque promptitude. But her father—why does he yield to the solicitations of this man? That is the mystery she desires to unravel.

Could it be a *debt*? Scarcely that. In the lawless circle of backwoods society, the screw of the creditor has but little power over the victim of debt—certainly not enough to enslave such a free fearless spirit as

that of Hickman Holt. The girl knew this, and hence her painful suspicions that pointed to some *other cause*. What cause? She would know.

She made one step towards the house, as if bent upon espionage. Again she paused, and appeared undecided. The chinks between the logs were open all around the hut—so, too, the interstices between the hewn planks of the door. No one could approach near to the walls without being seen from the inside; and a listener would be sure of being discovered.

Was it this reflection that stayed her in her steps? that caused her to turn back? Or did the action spring from a nobler motive?

Whichever it was, it seemed to bring about a change in her determination: for suddenly turning away, she stood facing to the forest—as if with the intention of launching herself into its sombre depths.

A call of adieu to her sister—a signal to Wolf to follow—and she was gone.

Whither, and for what purpose? Why loves she these lone rambles under the wild-wood shade? She has declared that she delights in them; but can we trust her declaration? True, hers is a strange spirit—tinged, no doubt, with the moral tendencies of her mother's race—in which the love of solitude is almost an idiosyncrasy. But with her this forest-ranging is almost a new practice: only for a month or so has she been indulging in this romantic habit—so incomprehensible to her home-loving sister. Her father puts no check upon such inclinations: on the contrary, he encourages them, as if proud of his daughter's *penchant* for the chase. Though purely a white man, his nature has been Indianised by the habits of his life; and in his eyes, the chase is the noblest accomplishment—even for a woman!

Does the fair Marian think so? or has she another motive for absenting herself so frequently from her home?

Let us follow her into the forest: here, perhaps, we may find an answer to the enigma.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS.

Glance into the forest-glade! It is an opening in the woods—a *clearing* not made by the labour of human hands, but a work of Nature herself—a spot of earth where the great timber grows not, but in its place shrubs and tender grass, plants and perfumed flowers.

About a mile distant from the cabin of Hickman Holt, just such an opening is found—in superficial extent about equal to the squatter's clearing. It lies in the midst of a forest of tall trees—among which are conspicuous the tulip-tree, the white magnolia, cotton-woods, and giant oaks. Those that immediately encircle it are of less stature: graduating inward to its edge, like the seats in an amphitheatre—as if the forest trees stooped downward to kiss the fair flowers that sparkle upon the glade.

These lesser trees are of various species. They are the *sassafras* laurel, famed for its sanitary sap; the noble Carolina bay, with its aromatic leaves; the red mulberry; and the singular Osage orange-tree (*maclura aurantica*), the 'bow-wood' of the Indians. The pawpaw also is present, to attest the extreme richness of the soil; but the flowering plants, that flourish in profuse luxuriance over the glade, are sufficient evidence of its fertility. Why the trees grow not there, is one of nature's secrets, not yet revealed to man.

It is easier to say why a squatter's cabin is not there. There is no mystery about this: though there might appear to be, since the *clearing* is found ready to hand. The explanation is simple: the glade is a mile distant from water—the nearest being that of the creek already mentioned as running past the cabin of the squatter.

no secret, absence of moisture, in

Thus nature, as if jealous of this pretty wild-wood garden, protects it from the defilement of man.

Nevertheless, the human presence is not unknown to it. On this very morning—this fair morning in June, that has disclosed to our view the cabin and clearing of the squatter—a man may be observed entering the glade. His light elastic step, his lithe agile form, his smooth face, all bespeak his youth; while the style of his dress, his arms and equipments, proclaim his calling to be that of a hunter.

He is a man of the correct size, and, it may be added, of the correct shape—that is, one with whose figure the eye finds no fault. It is pleased at beholding a certain just distribution of the members promising strength and activity for the accomplishment of any possible physical end.

The countenance is equally expressive of good mental qualities. The features are regular and open, to frankness. A prominent chin denotes firmness; a soft hazel eye, gentleness; and a full rounded throat, intrepid daring.

There is neither beard upon the chin nor moustache upon the lip—not that the face is too young for either, but both have been shaven off. In the way of hair, a magnificent *chevelure* of brown curls ruffles out under the rim of his cap, shadowing over the cheeks and neck of the wearer. Arched eyebrows, a small mouth, and regular teeth, give the finish to a face which might be regarded as a type of manly beauty.

And yet this beauty appears under a russet garb. There is no evidence of excessive toilet-care. The brush and comb have been but sparingly used; and neither perfume nor pomatum has been employed to heighten the shine of those luxuriant curls. There is sun-tan on the face, that, perhaps, with the aid of soap, *might* be taken off; but it is permitted to remain. The teeth, too, might be made whiter with a dentifrice and brush; but in all likelihood the nearest approach to their having ever been cleansed has been while chewing a piece of tough deer-meat.

Nevertheless, without any artificial aids, the young man's beauty proclaims itself in every feature—the more so, perhaps, that, in gazing upon his face, you are impressed with the idea that there is an 'outcome' in it.

In his dress, there is not much that could be altered for the better. The hunting-shirt, of finest buckskin leather, with its fringed cape and skirt, hangs upon his body with all the grace of an Athenian tunic; while its open front permits to be seen the manly contour of his breast, but half concealed under the softer fawn-skin. The wrappers of green baize, though folded more than once around his legs, do not hide their elegant *tournure*; and an appropriate covering for his feet is a pair of strong moccasins, soled with thick leather. A coon-skin cap sits high upon his head, slightly inclined to the right. With the visage of the animal turned to the front, and the full plume-like tail, with its alternate rings, drooping to the shoulder, it forms a head-dress that is far from ungraceful. A belt around the waist—a short hunting-knife in its sheath—a large powder-horn hanging below the armpit—a bullet-pouch underneath, and *voilà tout!* No, not all: there remains to be mentioned the rifle—the *arm par excellence* of the American hunter.

The portrait is that of Frank Wingrove—a dashing young backwoodsman, whose calling is the chase.

The hunter has entered the glade, and is advancing across it. He walks slowly, but without caution—without that habitual stealthy tread that distinguishes the sons of St Hubert in the west. On the contrary, his step is free, and the flowers are crushed under his feet. He is not even silent, but humming a tune as he goes. Notwithstanding that he appears accounted for the chase, his movements are not those of one in pursuit of game. For this morning, at least, he is out upon a different errand; and, judging from

his jovial aspect, it should be one of pleasure: the birds themselves seem not more gay.

On emerging from the shadows of the tall trees into the open glade effulgent with flowers, his gaiety seems to have reached its climax: it breaks forth in song, and for some minutes the forest re-echoes the well-known lay of 'Woodman, spare that tree.'

Whence this joyous humour? Why are those eyes sparkling with a scarce concealed triumph? Is there a sweetheart expected? Is the glade to be the scene of a love-interview—that glade perfumed and flowery, as if formed for such a purpose?

The conjecture is reasonable: the young hunter has the air of one who keeps an assignation—one, too, who dreams not of disappointment.

Near the edge of the glade, on the side opposite to that by which the hunter has come in, is a fallen tree; its branches and bark have long since disappeared, and the trunk is bleached to a brilliant white. In the phraseology of the backwoods, it is no longer a tree, but a 'log.' Towards this the hunter advances; and, on arriving at the log, seats himself upon it, in the attitude of one who does not anticipate being long alone.

There is a path that runs across the glade, bisecting it into two nearly equal parts. It is a tiny track, evidently not much used. It conducts from the stream on which stands the cabin of the squatter Holt, to another 'fork' of the same river, the Obion, where clearings are numerous, and where there is also a large settlement bearing the dignified title of 'town.' It is the town of Swampville—a name perhaps more appropriate than euphonious.

Upon this path, where it debouches from the forest, the eye of Frank Wingrove becomes fixed—not in the direction of Swampville, but towards the clearing of the squatter. From this it is now evident that he expects some one, and that the person expected is to come from that side.

A good while passes, and yet no one appears. The hunter begins to manifest signs of impatience. As if to kill time, he repeatedly rises, and reseats himself. With his eye he measures the altitude of the sun—the watch of the backwoodsman—and as the bright orb rises higher in the heavens, his spirits appear to sink in proportion. His look is no longer cheerful. He has long since finished his song; and his voice is now heard only when he utters an ejaculation of impatience.

All at once, the joyous expression is restored. There is a noise in the woods, and it proceeds from the right direction: a rustling of dead leaves that litter the path, and occasionally the 'swish' of recoiling branches. Some one approaches the glade.

The young hunter springs to his feet, and stands listening. Presently, he hears voices; but he hears them rather with surprise than pleasure—as is indicated by another quick change passing over his countenance. The cheerful aspect has again given place to a look of disappointment—this time approaching to chagrin.

'Thar's talk goin' on,' mutters he to himself. 'Then she's not alone! thar's someb'dy along wi' her. Who the darnation can it be?'

After this characteristic soliloquy, he remains silent—listening far more eagerly than before.

The noises become more distinct, and the voices louder. More than one can be distinguished mingling in the conversation.

For some seconds, the hunter maintains his attentive attitude, his eye sternly fixed upon the *embouchure* of the path.

His suspense is of short duration. Hearing the voices more plainly, he recognises their tones; and the recognition appears to give a sudden turn to his thoughts. The expression of chagrin gives place to one of simple disappointment.

'Bah!' exclaims he, throwing himself back upon

in the earth.

the dead wood. 'It ain't her, after all! It's only a gang o' them rovin' redskins. What, in Old Nick's name, fetches 'em this away, an' jest at this time too?'

After a moment's reflection, he starts up from the log, continuing to mutter: 'I must hide, or they'll be havin' a parley. That 'ud never do, for I guess she can't be far off by this. Hang the crooked luck!'

With this elegant finish, the speaker glides rapidly round the end of the fallen tree, and makes for the nearest underwood—evidently with the design of screening himself from sight. He is too late—as the 'ugh' uttered on the opposite side of the glade convinces him—and, changing his intention, he fronts round, and quietly returns to his former position upon the log.

The hunter's conjecture has proved correct. Bronzed faces shew themselves over the tops of the bushes on the opposite edge of the glade; and the moment after, three Indians emerge into the open ground. That they are Indians, their tatterdemalion dress of coloured blankets, leggings, and moccasins would indicate; but their race is even recognisable in their mode of march. Though there are but three of them, and the path runs no longer among trees, they follow one another in single file, and in the true typical 'trot' of the red aboriginal.

The presence of Indians in these woods requires explanation—for their tribe has long before this time been transported to their new lands west of the Mississippi. It only needs to be said that a few families have preferred to remain—some from attachment to the scenes of their youth, not to be severed by the prospect of a far happier home—some from associations formed with the whites—and some from more trivial causes—perhaps from being the degraded outcasts of their tribes. Throughout the whole region of the backwoods, there still exists a sparse population of the indigenous race: dwelling, as their ancestors did, under tents or in the open air; trafficking in small articles of their own manufacture; in short, performing very much the same *métier* as the Gitanos in Europe. There are other points of resemblance between these two races—amounting almost to a family likeness—and which fairly entitles the Indians to an appellation sometimes bestowed upon them—the *Gipsies of the New World*.

The three Indians who have entered the glade are manifestly what is termed an 'Indian family,' or part of one. They are father, and mother, and daughter—the last a girl nearly grown.

The man is in the lead, the woman follows, and the young girl brings up the rear. They are bent upon a journey, and its object is also manifest. The pannier borne upon the back of the woman, containing fox and coon skins, with little coloured baskets of wicker—with the bead-embroidered moccasins and wampum belts that appear in the hands of the girl—bespeaks a purposed visit to the settlement of Swampville.

True to the custom 'of his fathers,' the Indian himself carries nothing; if we except a long rusty gun over his shoulder, and a small hatchet in his belt, rendering him rather a formidable fellow on his way to a market.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CATASTROPHE OF A KISS.

The log on which the young hunter has seated himself is some paces' distant from the path. He has a slight knowledge of this Indian family, and simply nods to them as they pass. He does not speak, lest a word should bring on a conversation—for the avoidance of which he has a powerful motive. The Indian makes no halt, but strides silently onward, followed by his pannier-laden squaw. The girl, however, pauses in her steps, as if struck by some thought.

The action quickly follows the thought; and, turning out of the path, she approaches the spot where Frank Wingrove is seated.

What wants she with the young pale-face? Can this be the *she* he has been expecting with such impatience? Surely not!

And yet the girl is by no means ill-looking. In her black oblique eyes there is a certain sweetness of expression; and a tinge of purple-red, bursting through the bronze of her cheeks, lends to her countenance a peculiar charm. Add to this, luxuriant black hair, and a bosom of bold outlines—which the sparse savage costume but half conceals—and you have a portrait something more than pretty. Many a time and oft, in the history of backwoods' life, has the heart of the proud pale-face offered sacrifice at such a shrine. Is this, then, the expected one?

No. Her actions answer the question; and his too: he has not even risen to receive her, but keeps his seat upon the log, regarding her approach with a glance of indifference, not unmingled with a slight shade of displeasure.

Her object is presently apparent. A bullet-pouch of white buckskin, richly worked with porcupine quills, is hanging over her arm. On arriving before the hunter, she holds it out, as if about to present it. One might fancy that such is her intention; and that the pouch is designed as a *gage d'amour*; but the word 'dollar,' which accompanies the offer, precludes the possibility of such a silly supposition. It is not thus that an Indian girl makes love. She is simply soliciting the pale-face to purchase.

In this design she is almost certain to be successful. The pouch proclaims its value, and promises to sell itself. Certainly it is a beautiful object, with its quills of brilliant dye, and richly embroidered shoulder-strap. Perhaps no object could be held up before the eyes of Frank Wingrove more likely to elicit his admiration.

He sees and admires: he knows its value. It is cheap at a dollar; besides, he was just thinking of treating himself to such a one. His old catskin is worn and greasy. He has grown fastidious of late, for reasons that may be guessed. This beautiful pouch would sit well over his new hunting-shirt, and trick him out to a T. In the eyes of Marian—

His desire to become the possessor of the coveted article hinders him from continuing the reflection. Fortunately his old pouch contains the required coin; and in another instant, a silver dollar glances in the palm of the Indian girl.

But the 'goods' are not delivered over in the ordinary manner. A thought seems to strike the fair huckster; and she stands for a moment gazing upon the face of the handsome purchaser. Is it curiosity? or is it, perhaps, some softer emotion that has suddenly germinated in her soul?

Her hesitation lasts only for an instant. With a smile that seems to solicit, she approaches nearer to the hunter. The pouch is held aloft, with the strap extended between her hands. Her design is evident—she purposes to adjust it upon his shoulders.

The young hunter does not repel the proffered service—how could he? It would not be Frank Wingrove to do so. On the contrary, he leans his body forward to aid in the action.

The attitude brings their faces almost close together: their lips are within two inches of touching!

For a moment, the girl appears to have forgotten her purpose, or else she executes it in a manner sufficiently *maladroit*. In passing the strap over the high coon-skin cap, her fingers become entangled in the brown curls beneath. Her eyes are not directed that way: they are gazing with a basilisk glance into the eyes of the hunter.

The attitude of Wingrove is at first shrinking; but a slight smile curling upon his lip, betokens that there is not much pain in the situation. A reflection,

however, made at the moment, chases away the smile. It is this:

'Tarnal earthquakes! were Marian to see me now! she'd never believe but that I'm in love with this young squaw: she's been jealous o' her already.'

But the reflection passes; and with it for an instant the remembrance of 'Marian.' The sweetest smelling flower is that which is nearest—so sings the honey-bee. Human blood cannot bear the proximity of those pretty lips; and the kindness of the Indian maiden must be recompensed by a kiss.

She makes no resistance; she utters no cry; their lips meet—but the kiss is interrupted ere it can be achieved.

The bark of a dog—followed by a half-suppressed scream in a female voice—causes the interruption.

The hunter starts back, looking aghast; the Indian exhibits only surprise. Both together glance across the glade: Marian Holt is standing upon its opposite edge!

Wingrove's cheek has turned red; fear and shame are depicted upon his face. In his confusion, he pushes the Indian aside—more rudely than gently.

'Go!' he exclaims in an under voice. 'For God's sake, go!—you have ruined me!'

The girl obeys the request and gesture—both sufficiently rude, after such sweet complaisance. She obeys, however, and moves off from the spot—not without reproach in her glance, and reluctance in her steps.

Before reaching the path, she pauses; turns in her track; and then rushes swiftly back towards the hunter.

Wingrove stands astonished—half affrighted. Before he can recover himself, or divine her intent, the Indian is once more by his side.

She snatches the pouch from his shoulders—the place where her own hands had suspended it—then, flinging the silver coin at his feet, and uttering in a loud angry tone the words, 'False pale-face!' she turns from the spot, and glides rapidly away.

In another moment, she has entered the forest-path, and is lost to the sight.

The scene has been short—of only a moment's duration. Marian has not moved from the moment she uttered that wild half-suppressed scream. She stands silent and transfixed, as if its utterance had deprived her of speech and motion. Her fine form picturesquely draped with bodice and skirt—the moccasin-buskins upon her feet—the coiled coronet of shining hair surmounting her head—the rifle in her hand, resting on its butt, as it had been dashed mechanically down—the huge gaunt dog by her side: all these outlined upon the green background of the forest leaves, impart to the maiden an appearance at once majestic and imposing. Standing thus immobile, she suggests the idea of some rival huntress, whom Diana, from jealousy, has suddenly transformed into stone.

But her countenance betrays that she is no statue. The colour of her cheeks—alternately flushing red and pale—and the indignant flash of that fiery eye, tell you that you look upon a living woman—one who breathes and burns under the influence of a terrible emotion.

Wingrove is half frantic; he scarcely knows what to say or what to do. In his confusion, he advances towards her, calling her by name; but before he has half crossed the glade, her words fall upon his ear, causing him to hesitate and falter in his steps.

'Frank Wingrove!' she cries, 'come not near me: your road lies the other way. Go! follow your Indian damsel. You will find her at Swampville, no doubt selling her cheap kisses to triflers like yourself. Traitor! we meet no more!'

Without waiting for a reply, or even to note the effect of her words, Marian Holt steps back into the forest, and disappears.

The young hunter is too stupefied to follow. With 'false pale-face' ringing in one ear, and 'traitor' in the other, he knows not in what direction to turn.

At length, the log falls under his eye; and, striding mechanically towards it, he sits down—to reflect upon the levity of his conduct, and the unpleasant consequences of an unhallowed kiss.

SICILY AND ITS RULERS.

As there are beings so steeped in misery that they seem to live but as examples of the suffering and degradation humanity can undergo and survive, so some nations appear destined to shew to the world to what a degree of servitude and political inanition a people may be reduced, and the vital spark of freedom yet remain unextinguished.

Among these unhappy lands, pre-eminent in misfortune stands the island of the sun, the land of the Cyclops, the granary and garden of Italy, the fruitful isle of Sicily. Never was a country more highly favoured by nature; rich in all that tends to the prosperity of a nation, it is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey. But what God has blessed, man has cursed. From time immemorial, Sicily has been the victim of tyranny and misgovernment. Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Moors, Frenchmen, and Spaniards; all have in turn tyrannised over this unfortunate island. Each change of masters has been but a new phase of suffering. Tyrants, proconsuls, emirs, governors, princes, viceroys, or kings knew but one policy—that of goading the people to desperation, and then suppressing the inevitable rebellion by the harshest means despotism could command.

Soon after the conclusion of the Trojan war, the Greeks established themselves in Sicily, and remained undisturbed possessors of it until about 510 B.C., when the Carthaginians made themselves masters of the northern and western portions of the island. They in their time succumbed to the Romans, under whom the Sicilians turned their whole attention to agriculture and the peaceful arts, submitting unresistingly, if not uncomplainingly, to the exactions of Verres and his prototypes. In the seventh century, the Saracens, taking advantage of domestic feuds, subdued the island, and made Palermo their capital, over whose walls the crescent floated triumphantly for two hundred years. In 1035, Manvace, the catapan of the Greeks, assisted by a body of Norman mercenaries, stormed Messina, and pushed his conquests so vigorously, that all the principal strongholds were soon in his hands. His triumph was but short-lived: quarrelling with his allies, they suddenly left his camp; and deprived of his best troops, the Saracens quickly wrested back all they had lost.

A quarter of a century later, the conqueror of Calabria, Robert Guiscard, having made his peace with Rome, acknowledged his fealty to the triple crown in the following terms: 'I, Robert, by the grace of God and St Peter, Duke of Puglia and Calabria, and hereafter of Sicily.' Aided by his brother, Roger, he set to work to justify his proud 'hereafter.' A severe struggle, lasting for ten years, terminated in the submission of the Saracens. The government of the island was given to Roger Guiscard, who assumed the title of 'Great Earl of Sicily.' He was not only a brave warrior, but a wise ruler, who sought to reign in the affections rather than the fears of his subjects. Pope Urban II. invested him and his heirs with supreme spiritual as well as temporal authority by creating them legates of the church by right of birth. His second son, Roger, by the death of his brother Simon and his cousin William, inherited the whole of the south Italian conquests of his father and uncle. He supported the cause of the antipope Anacletus, who in return made him king of Sicily, Puglia, and Calabria, to which Naples was subsequently added by Innocent II. Although William was engaged in warfare nearly the whole of his life, Sicily itself enjoyed the profoundest peace. After him came his son and grandson, distinguished as William the

Wicked, and William the Good. The latter dying without issue, the crown was claimed by Henry VI., emperor of Germany, by right of his marriage with Constance, a posthumous daughter of Roger II. A foreign ruler being repugnant to the Sicilians, they offered allegiance to Tancred, an illegitimate representative of the family. The emperor was defeated in battle, and for a time compelled to forego his pretensions. Upon Tancred's death, he invaded Sicily, and by his cruelty struck such terror into the souls of the people, that in a very short time he was acknowledged king. His reign was a reign of terror; avaricious and cruel, he despoiled and maltreated his unfortunate subjects till human patience failed them. His empress herself headed a conspiracy against him; his Genoese and Pisan allies joined the Normans, whom he sought to exterminate. Henry was taken prisoner, and not released until he had consented to send his army to the Holy Land, and so deprive himself of the means of tyrannising. This concession availed him little, for shortly afterwards, he died from the effects of poison, supposed to have been administered by the hands of his wife.

His son and successor, Frederic, found his throne no luxurious seat. The papacy opposed his assumption of the imperial crown. Alexander IV. had granted the Sicilian crown to Henry III. of England; he, however, was too well occupied at home with turbulent barons and rebellious sons to be able to enforce his claim, and Urban IV. (Alexander's successor) easily induced him to forego it. He next offered Sicily to Louis IX. of France, and then to his son; and upon their rejection, applied to the French monarch's brother, Charles of Anjou. Stimulated by his ambitious wife, the count eagerly responded, and received plenary investiture of the Two Sicilies, as they had been held by the Norman and Swabian princes, at the price of Benevento and its dependencies, and an annual tribute of 10,000 ounces of gold. Urban died before any active measures could be taken; but his successor, being likewise a Frenchman, entered ardently into the scheme. After being formally crowned at Rome, Charles commenced the campaign in the middle of the winter—a campaign decided by the battle of Benevento—in which, thanks to the cowardice and treachery of the Neapolitan troops, Charles proved victorious; his rival, finding defeat inevitable, seeking and finding death on the field. Charles had now attained the object of his ambition, and bitterly did the Sicilians expiate their defection at Benevento. The gibbet and the scaffold were in constant requisition, and as if these would not suffice to glut the cruel rage of the usurper, the stake and the sea were employed to remove any one obnoxious to the ruling powers. In a few weeks, the whole of the country had been frightened into submission, but there was not a spot in which blood did not cry out for vengeance. This cry before long found a terrible response.

John of Procida, a noble who had personal wrongs to revenge, having incited Peter of Aragon to enforce his claim to the Sicilian throne, obtained the necessary subsidies from Michael of Greece, and directed the preparations for an expedition, ostensibly directed against the Moors. On the 30th of March 1282, the licentiousness of a Frenchman blew the long slumbering fire into flame, and the vesper-bells of Monte Reale chimed the death-knell of his countrymen. Everywhere the Sicilians rose against their oppressors, who, overwhelmed by the suddenness of the catastrophe, lost all idea of defending themselves, and were slaughtered like sheep, till not a single Frenchman remained on the island. Every town, every village threw off allegiance to Charles, and joined in inviting the protection of the king of Aragon. The former prince lost no time in attempting to punish the Sicilians, and exact a severe retribution for the terrible 'Vespers;' he

landed a large army, and laid siege to Messina, which the inhabitants, knowing they could expect no mercy in any event, defended with the obstinacy of despair. The Spanish king was not long in moving to their assistance with a force of ten thousand infantry, and was received with every demonstration of joy at Palermo. As soon as intelligence of this reached Charles, he precipitately raised the siege of Messina, and disembarked his troops with all speed; they arrived safe at Naples, but twenty-nine of his war-vessels were captured by Roger di Loria. Charles then proposed to decide the fate of Sicily in another, and, in his opinion, more chivalrous way. He challenged his rival to meet him with a hundred knights at Bordeaux, under the guarantee of our Edward I. (then lord of that town), the vanquished in the mêlée to lose not only the disputed island, but also his hereditary possessions. The pope refused his consent to this ordeal by battle, and, what was of greater consequence, the English monarch would not be a party to it; so Peter very wisely declined the contest; upon which the pope, with just consistency, issued a bull of deposition, conferring the crown of Aragon upon the Count of Valois, and inviting warriors to join a crusade against Spain. Spite of the pontifical ban, Pedro held the sceptre till his death, on which it passed to his second son, James. The latter was soon called to the throne of Aragon, and, at the suggestion of the then pope, ceded Sicily to Charles II. of Naples, an arrangement to which those most concerned refused to accede; and proclaiming James's younger brother, Frederic, king, they carried on a fierce war for twenty years. The peace of Castronovo ended the war by the Anjou acknowledging Frederic's sovereignty.

Amid the stormy politics which agitated the crown, nobles, and people alike, a sort of parliamentary government had taken form in Sicily. In 1296, this parliament, which consisted of three houses—the ecclesiastics, the titular nobility, and the commons—shared the legislative power with the king, exercised the right of taxation, levied and declared war, convoked and dissolved itself every year, and claimed the privilege of forbidding the monarch's absence from his kingdom. Upon the death of Martin, and the consequent extinction of the Sicilian branch of the Aragonese dynasty, the throne was claimed by the head of the family, the king of Spain. After a slight opposition, Ferdinand was proclaimed, and thus the island became for three hundred years an appendage of the Spanish monarchy. Its condition was by no means improved under the vice-regal system of government. A semblance of the old constitution was preserved, for the parliament was called together every four years, financial affairs in the meanwhile being managed by a committee of twelve appointed by the vote of the three estates. The power of the crown gradually increased, taxation increasing in an equal ratio with the royal prerogative; and the inquisition, strangely enough, successfully resisted in Naples, was established in Sicily in all its horror. In 1671, Messina revolted, and opened its gates to a French garrison. When France and Spain, ten years later, patched up a peace, the troops of the former country, of course, evacuated Messina, and no less than ten thousand citizens emigrated, to escape the vengeance of their rulers.

The War of the Succession deprived Spain of her long-held prize; and by the influence of England, Sicily was handed over to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was crowned king at Palermo. At this time, the island counted 1,153,000 inhabitants, of whom 120,000 belonged to the capital. In 1717, during a period of profound peace, Philip V., at the instance of Alberoni, suddenly seized upon Sicily, but was soon compelled by England and Austria to give up his prey; after which, Victor Amadeus receiving Sardinia in exchange, the island was reunited to the continent, and governed

by Austrian viceroys. This was not of long duration. In 1733, the great powers were again at war. Philip ceded all his rights in Italy to his son Charles, who soon expelled the Austrians, and reunited the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, after a separation of four hundred years, under the designation of 'The Two Sicilies.' Charles, identifying his own interests with those of his new subjects, speedily restored the nation to the position it held under its first king, Roger Guiscard. The finances were healthy, and the country enjoyed a degree of prosperity to which it had long been a stranger. Upon his accession to the Spanish crown, that of the Two Sicilies was delivered over to his third son, Ferdinand, with the stipulation, that they should never again be united with Spain.

Ferdinand I., as he styled himself, proved unworthy his parentage. Driven on two occasions, in 1798 and 1806, from Naples into Sicily by the victorious French, he devoted his energies to curtailing the liberties of the subjects left to him. For a time, the island was occupied by an English force, under the stipulations of a treaty continually evaded by the faithless king. His wife, disgusted with her English allies for not reconquering Naples, actually entered into correspondence with Napoleon, and proposed a new version of the Vespers, in which our countrymen were to perform the part of victims. In 1810, the Prince-royal, as the king's representative, demanded an extraordinary supply of L.180,000 per annum; the parliament only granted L.75,000, and being reinvoked, refused to increase the vote. Two ordinances were immediately issued—one laying a tax upon all contracts, the other ordering certain national estates to be sold. The House of Peers protested against the unconstitutional acts; the king replied by sending the nobles who presented the protest out of the country. The very next day, Lord William Bentinck arrived at Palermo, as commander-in-chief and minister plenipotentiary. His advice was rejected, with the insolent remark, that 'he was sent to make bows, not dictate laws.' He left for England, to return in six weeks armed with full powers. He opened communications with the liberal leaders, stopped the payment of the subsidies, and soon obtained the revocation of the February decrees, and the recall of the banished lords. He did not stop here. The queen and her Neapolitan advisers were removed; he was himself made commander of the Sicilian forces; three of the returned peers were made ministers; and the king, under the plea of ill health, resigned the actual government into the hands of his son, as vicar-general.

Parliament was convoked, and gave its adhesion to a new constitution. The king was thereby bound to profess the Roman Catholic religion; his person held sacred; and the prerogative of making war and peace left in his hands. The parliament, consisting of two Houses only—the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Representatives—was annually convoked by the king; it was vested with the exclusive power of legislating; all taxes must originate in the Lower House, and be rejected or assented to by the upper chamber and the crown without modification. The judicial power was administered by independent judges, subject to removal by the act of the two chambers. No Sicilian to be punished, exiled, or arrested, except by the legal tribunals; and finally, feudalism was entirely abolished. Before agreeing to the above, the vicar-general applied for fresh instructions; his dispatch was returned, endorsed by Ferdinand: 'The above is conformable to my intentions, and I authorise you to carry it into effect.' So in 1812 the constitution became an acknowledged fact. Ferdinand, however, needed the constant watchfulness of the English general to keep him from encroaching: one attempt necessitated the queen's quitting the country; and another terminated in the announcement by royal proclamation that, until the glorious work of the constitution was fully consolidated, Lord

W. Bentinck made himself responsible for public tranquillity. Upon Napoleon's return from Elba, the troops were wanted elsewhere, and after three years' duration, the occupation of the island by a British army ceased.

No sooner was the author of the constitution fairly out of the way, than Ferdinand resumed the government himself, still professing 'the tenderest affection' for Lord William's pet. He bided his time; it was soon at hand. The treaty of Vienna gave Naples to him once again. The king at once issued decrees, declaring he would take the whole government of the Two Sicilies into his own hands, annulling both the ancient and modern Sicilian constitutions, and virtually breaking the ties binding him and his island-subjects together. The municipal, criminal, and civil laws were altered and assimilated to those of the French code; the Sicilian flag and coinage were abolished, and the very name of the country obliterated. The betrayed people invoked the aid of England, but in vain. Sicily was no longer of any use to the British cabinet, so Lord Castlereagh quietly allowed its liberty to be extinguished without a word of protest. For a time, the island submitted. In 1820, a military revolution was effected at Naples on behalf of the Spanish constitution, and a united parliament convoked. Sicily claimed her independence, and soon the Palermitans came to blows with the troops. General Pepe, with 12,000 men, arrived to reduce the city; after a contest of ten days, it capitulated, the matters in dispute being remitted to the two national representations. This capitulation was repudiated by the Neapolitans; but their triumph over their brethren was short-lived; an army of Austrians occupied the whole country, effectually stifling all rebellion.

The king died in 1825, and was succeeded by Francis, who soon made way for another Ferdinand, destined to earn another name—that of Bomba—and destroy the slight remnant of Sicilian nationality left. He doubled the taxes, created oppressive monopolies, and consigned the island to the tender mercies of Neapolitan prefects. Neither place nor person was respected by an all-powerful, unrestrained police, that administered a hideous mockery of justice, arresting, punishing, and banishing men without the merest forms of trial, while the sbirri were allowed free exercise of their talents in torturing their poor victims. Espionage became one of the functions of the priesthood; the ministers possessed unlimited powers of abrogating law; an absurd and arbitrary censorship forbade the promulgation of thought; public works meant public extortion; public contracts were broken at pleasure. The country was impoverished to enrich the Neapolitan treasury, and all the petitions of the Sicilians replied to by contempt and further oppression. A final effort was made in the beginning of 1848 to induce Ferdinand to redress the crying grievances of the islanders. Upon its non-success, they flew to arms, celebrating their monarch's birthday—the 12th of January—by driving the royal troops into their barracks and forts. In two days' time, Palermo was ruled by a provisional government, under the presidency of Admiral Ruggiero Suttimo, while the enemy had been reinforced by 6000 men and eight war-steamers, under the command of the king's brother. The town was bombarded, but so little to the intimidation of the insurrectionists, that on the 19th royal decrees were issued, offering some trifling concessions. Meanwhile, Naples itself had revolted, and extorted a constitution from the reluctant Ferdinand, who, however, did not scruple to pronounce that it was established by his 'full, free, and spontaneous will,' and declare his determination to support it 'in the awful Name of the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity, to whom alone it appertains to read the depths of the heart.'

On the 29th of January, an extension of this constitution was offered to Sicily; but the patriots were resolved to accept nothing short of insular independence and the constitution of 1812. The movement spread through the island; the garrisons of Trapani, Termini, Licata, and Milazzo were defeated, and those of Syracuse and Messina driven into their fortresses. Parliament was convoked by the provisional government, and declared the Sicilian throne vacant, inviting the Duke of Genoa, the second son of Charles Albert of Sardinia, to accept the crown. The duke declined. The struggle went on, and by the beginning of April, the citadel of Messina was the only stronghold in possession of the royalists. Then came the terrible counter-revolution of the 15th of May, when the Swiss soldiery and brutal lazzaroni of Naples committed every conceivable atrocity, to the cry of 'Long live the king!' The Neapolitan troops, recalled by the faithless Ferdinand from aiding Charles Albert, were despatched against their fellow-subjects. An army of 14,000 men appeared before Messina, and summoned the town to surrender; it refused, and for four days held out against a fierce attack by land and sea. Other maritime towns received like treatment, the bombardments being carried out in a manner contrary to all notions of civilised warfare, till the contest on both sides became so savage, that the English and French admirals interfered, and compelled a cessation of hostilities. The king proposed a statute law on the basis of the constitution of 1812, conditionally on the insurrectionists laying down their arms and acknowledging his authority. This proposition was seconded by the approval of England and France; but the provisional government had too vivid a remembrance of recent oath-breaking to put any trust in the king of the lazzaroni, and refused to barter with the perjured monarch. The contest recommenced with greater intensity than ever, but the odds were too unequal. Filangieri bombarded Catania, captured Syracuse, and on the 22d April 1849, the city of Palermo delivered up its keys to the royal general.

Ferdinand was now absolute, and used his power without mercy. Let Mr Gladstone paint the government of King Bomba, in terms sufficiently justified by the state of his continental dominions, but trebly justified by the condition of Sicily: 'An incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law unwritten and eternal, human and divine; it is the wholesale persecution of virtue, when united with intelligence, operating upon such a scale that entire classes may with truth be said to be its objects, so that the government is in bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves, and forms the mainspring of practical progress and improvement; it is the perfect violation of every moral rule, under the stimulation of fear and vengeance. It is the perfect prostration of the judicial office, which has made it, under veils too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, got up wilfully and deliberately by the immediate advisers of the crown, for the purpose of destroying the peace, the freedom, ay, and the life of men amongst the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished, and refined of the whole community. It is the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as, in a lower degree, of physical torture. The effect of all which is a total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. There is no association, but a violent antagonism, between the idea of freedom and that of order. The governing power, which teaches of itself that it is the image of God upon earth, is clothed, in the view of

the overwhelming majority of the thinking public, with all the vices for its attributes.'

In 1856, the governments of England and France, disgusted with the cruelty of Bomba, and offended at the manner in which their remonstrances were received, broke off all diplomatic relations with Naples, much to the indignation of the czar, as expressed in Prince Gortschakoff's protest at such a proceeding, because the Neapolitan tyrant chose to 'govern his subjects according to his fancy.' In December of the same year, Ogesilao Milano made his desperate attempt 'to purge the earth of the monster,' and expiated his failure on the gallows—the king being destined to a more tedious death than that by an assassin's bayonet. Ferdinand lingered long enough to hear of the discomfiture of his pattern, Austria. It was hoped his son might take warning by what was passing around him; but, true to the Bourbon infatuated obstinacy, he has trodden in his father's footsteps, and reaped the first fruits already in the loss of Sicily—lost in a few days, after a contest characterised as of old. An appeal for aid has fallen uselessly on the ear of the governments whose good advice he scorned; and we may now hope that the trials of the Sicilians are to be rewarded, that Garibaldi has put an end at once and for ever to that power so well described as 'the negation of God erected into a system of government.'

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE PAVEMENT.

I FIND my friend the Philosopher in Rags, of the London pavement, as I have found him any Saturday night during the past three years, stationed in a leading thoroughfare, and in the full glare of the well-lighted shops around him. Ever since I heard his first discourse, he has been starving! I could almost beguile myself into admiration of his heroic nature. So long a siege by so strong a foe, and yet unconquered! He looks starved. I never saw Famine sketched by art of limner portray one-fourth the misery I find in this man's face. I may say of him, that whatever fortune he ever had, or can ever hope for, lies centered in his features. They constitute a fortune in themselves; so moulded and twisted into expressions pitiable and forlorn, that no eye but a glass one could remain dull to their appeal, as it falls upon them for the first time. And therefore does he prosper in his misery!

Those features, so lachrymose and woe-speaking, might have been to him as a mine of inexhaustible wealth, had he but chosen to work it. I fancy him well fed, and sought eagerly by gentlemen whose occupation lies amongst the strange odours of elm-timber and new crape, and whose duties cast them in daily contact with such as are bereaved. I imagine him sable-robed and officially invested, standing with decorous solemnity at great doorways, beside another face equally professional, and doing homage to the living and the dead, at a fixed charge per hour. With a face and mien so grief-stricken and pitiable, his presence would, to heirs expectant and to heirs elect, have been of a value beyond price; he could have furnished woe enough and to spare for the most exacting formula of decency. He might have feasted at rich banquets of 'funereal-baked meats,' until the serving up of his own. Alas! if some be born to honours, as I believe this fellow was, how came it that they never thrust themselves upon him?

Hatless, shoeless, ragged, and dirty; with chin unshorn, and hair dusty and wild—thus I find him each night of Saturday. I should as soon expect to find the street closed, and the shopkeepers gone, as to miss my friend the Philosopher in Rags. He is part of the street, and of the Saturday—for at no other time or season have I found him. I speculate upon his migrations within myself. Can it be possible that he begs enough this one night to preserve him from the shame of digging during the coming week?

Is he a modest pauper whose wants being small, are met by this regular hebdomadal appeal? Or does he really wash the dirt from his face, shave his chin, leap out of his rags, and enjoy a clandestine gentility? I am mystified by the order of his coming and going. I might as well seat myself beneath the nearest porch-way, and ask the breeze that plays about his head and raises his truant hair into stray lengths, like reed-tufts, as to its whence and whither. Did he but clothe his appeal in a garment of new words, and grant it a change occasionally, I might indulge in a belief that he actually engaged himself in its construction; but he gives me no peg whereon I can hang such a conjecture, for his address is so brief and threadbare from constant usage, that I am satisfied he has no daily anxiety upon that score.

When the heaving tide of a marketing multitude rolls a goodly flock of people slowly past him, is his golden moment; his hands outstretch themselves mechanically, and anguish, like a veil, falls upon his features, whilst he utters, with melancholy emphasis: 'Friends, is not hunger a sharp thorn? Yea, a sharp thorn indeed! Thorns in the flesh be bad, thorns got from ragged timber or prickly bush be bad; but being withdrawn, the pain they inflicted flies suddenly away, and they that had smarted thereby say unto them, "The place that knew thee once shall know thee not again." Friends, hunger is a constant returning thorn, wounding with cruel sharpness, and tormenting the flesh daily. Gather not unto yourselves wealth, neither heap up costly garments, for thieves may steal the one, and moth destroy the other. Remember, friends, how sharp is hunger, and how keen the pangs it can inflict. Remember the charity which hideth many sins, and forget me not in my hunger and misery.'

Philosophy in rags, with the soul of wit in its appeal; genuine philosophy, striking direct at the mark, and reaching it. No dull pedantry here, wasting valuable time over a mere husk, for which a nutshell would be too big! Men rich in the integrity of their weekly wage, and women who dread hunger as the plague, think of little Tom and Ned left at home in their snug cots; and whilst they ask themselves wonderingly if it be possible, in any of the strange twistings and contortions of human events, that either Tom or Ned shall stand, shock-headed and dirty, some Saturday's eve, and declare to passing hundreds that he is pierced by the sharpness of hunger, they do to him, as they hope in their hearts many would do to Tom or Ned thus situated, and drop copper tokens of their sympathy into the thin hands so eagerly outstretched. When I myself first saw him, the touching aspect of his misery came upon me so suddenly, that I administered unsolicited silver towards its alleviation. I had not heard his appeal, or I had remained by that silver so much the richer. I know him now; and he knows how well I know him.

I find my Philosopher in Black at a street-corner, well clad and comely, not in great thoroughfares with many lamps falling about him, but in a by-place, beneath the friendly solace of a single street-lamp, and, as a medical writer would say, in one of the great vessels given off from the centre of circulation. He stands with an admiring few gathered about him, who listen respectfully to his explanations of the scholarly manner whereby he has reduced the whole 'Stenographic System' to something less than twenty characters, and each so simple, that he who runs may read. Gray-headed and genteel, I respect him; and when he tells me, as I stand amidst the admiring few, that this labour and crown of his age is offering to me and all men at one penny per copy, I could weep for the man whose learning must needs exhibit itself in so cheap a form. He looks so respectable, that had I but a sixpence in my pocket, and desired to become possessed of his *Abridged System of Stenography*, I

should feel awkward. I should not dare to trouble him with such a coin, expecting change as from a vendor of common things; neither could I insult him to such a gratuitous degree as to take his System, and leave the entire sixpence. I feel that I ought to encase my penny in tissue-paper, and hand him so small a fee in the most decent manner ingenuity can suggest.

He thanks no man for his money, but drops it carelessly into the tail-pocket of his clerical-looking overcoat. Looking at him, I cannot but wonder how this man came upon the metropolitan flag-stones, selling copies of his labour as another would lemons. Has he been author, usher, schoolmaster, or curate? There is a something of the four wrapped about him; but as he stands before me, with gloved hands, clean linen, and good garments, I think him too well-dressed for a combination of such meagre elements, and banish the idea.

He rouses my curiosity when he asks: 'Why do I stand here? Am I not a man of education? I believe I am, and with a reputation without a flaw!' He pauses; and if the moon is out, he looks up at her as he makes this inquiry. I pause breathlessly, and await the solution of the enigma. It comes in this way—'Do we not all remember the Tom Sharp of our school-days, ever at the top of his class; and the Bob Slow, ever at the bottom?' No one volunteers an answer, although a sufficient pause is left on purpose for one. 'Have we not all seen the same Bob Slow outrun in the daily race of life, and get far beyond Tom Sharp, once the leader of his class?' Here he gets private, personal, and somewhat confidential. 'Perhaps he may be an unfortunate example of Tom Sharp, behind nowhere, but on the road to wealth, and at the top nowhere since he left the village school. Perhaps he may be—perhaps not—he is not there to say; but his "Stenographic System," wonderfully abridged, and clearly explained, the fruit of great toil, and the labour of his best years, may be in the hands of every man this night for the small sum of one penny!'

I find my Medical Philosopher of the Streets argumentative, abusive, and humbly pedantic; delivering orations from wheel-barrows, spring-carts, or temporary platforms; clad in strange guises, surrounded by strange accessories, making use of strange speeches, and with an impudent partiality for pitching his peripatetic tent beneath the very nostrils of the profession. If I spend the evening with my friend Ipecac, M.D., the harsh notes of his declamation are sure to fall in upon the harmony of our meeting; or if I stand beneath the doorway of Splints, M.R.C.S., I shall see him 'sawing the air, and jerking malevolent gestures towards the silent blue lamp of that respectable practitioner.

He is a Hebrew, as I imagine, for at any hour by day, if I seek him, I can find him in Hebrew precincts. He is twin-brother of the man who requests me to sell him old clothes, and when I tell him I have none, levels low satire at me, asking me to name the lowest price for the suit in which I stand. He has an unpleasantly keen eye for revealing such shifts and contrivances as men with slender wardrobes are glad to avail themselves of. He is brother of the man who offers me pickled cucumbers, fat and swollen to bursting with the vinegar they contain, looking like drowned slugs, or unwholesome creatures that have perished dropsically. He is a brother of the whole race—black-headed, eagle-eyed, hawk-beaked, and more crafty than the fox.

Thus do I find him to-night: dressed gaudily, hat thrown on jauntily, brilliant in jewellery, and altogether a spangled pretender. He mounts a queer shabby stage, which a large oily-looking woman and a Jew-boy have been screwing together as if it were a bedstead, and talks flippantly to a number of people, who, fortunately for themselves, exhibit a keener appreciation of his speeches than his specifics; or, to use his own sardonic language, like that which costs the least.

And of what does he speak? Over what disease does this impudent charlatan claim victory? Alas! as I stand before this master-piece of Hebrew cunning, I hear him tell of the fatal maladies to which our ever-varying climate exposes us. I hear him sketch with Eastern, or at least exaggerated imagery, the destruction that is wafted to us on the wings of the keen, northerly blasts, and easterly gales, or assaults us through the heavy breath of fogs. This gabbling mendicant and wretched scamp, standing upon a stage less rotten than his own pretensions, dares, within earshot of Ipecac, M.D., and within gaze of a dozen blue-lamps, to tell the mass of ignorant people who surround him what is consumption, and what is its cure.

He ranges in rows, like nine-pins, men of mark in medicine, and hurling at them heavy volleys of abuse, seeks to topple them down from their bad eminence. He shakes them like a flimsy rag in a breeze, and ridicules them as quacks and pretenders; vowing that neither Ipecac, M.D., nor Splints, M.R.C.S., has the slightest notion as to the nature or treatment of consumption. His is the knowledge, and his the cure. He is the true wise man from the east, with healing in each hand, and balm in every bottle; so step forward, and take it in large quantities; for there is a considerable reduction allowed in such a case.

As I listen to the wordy garbage of this adventurous extortioner, and imagine the possibility of any hopeless and diseased being, beguiled by his promise, and purchasing his trash, I marvel at the blindness of such enactments as have come like a whirlwind upon ancient Squills the apothecary, and torn down his door-plate, and rebuked him for styling himself that which he has no claim to, and yet passed over the head of so foul a fungus as this, reared amidst the offal of Israel, and vaunting its cheating syrups as balm from Gilead!

Another Philosophic Grub, whom I find flourishing the medical field, is somewhat more demonstrative in and given to argument; fond of exhibiting mysterious particles in glass jars and lengthened tubes, and painfully minute in all his descriptions and observations. I suppose he is too great a philosopher to garb himself as the crowd do; so he covers his head with a long sugar-loaf-shaped black velvet bag, profusely decorated with decayed teeth, wrought into strange symbols and devices. He invests himself in a highly coloured diagram, supposed to reveal the hidden secrets of the human body when displayed by the anatomist. If I am deaf to the philosopher's explanations, large marginal figures of reference direct me towards a true solution of any difficulty. I am not an anatomist, neither do I profess anatomical knowledge; neither do I desire public controversy with this learned man, but I beg to take exception to the fidelity of a few points in his diagram hereafter to be mentioned.

The hobby of this Philosopher is worms. Be they round, tape, or thread, infantine or adult, they are still his hobby; and although he has ridden them boldly this long time, as I can testify, he has anything but ridden them to death. The fund of information he casts at my feet gratuitously concerning worms is immense; and I cannot but admire the patience of a man who details symptom after symptom of these destroying visitants, at such prodigious length—longer than the longest of those specimens he exhibits hermetically confined in the long glass tubes.

Am I lean, hungry, and sleepless? Do I awake weary, and rise equally unrefreshed from bed and board? If so, this philosopher tells me, worms, reveling on inward pastures, lie inside me, and fatten prodigally upon that wherewith my vital energies should be restored. Do my children start, like guilty things, in their innocent sleep, and grind their teeth as if in passion? If they do these things, the philosopher

most seriously warns me that worms are there. He has declared it; and perhaps I am bound to accept information so decisive and yet inexpensive. If I have sinking pains in my stomach, faintings or flutterings in the heart, dimness in the eyes, giddiness in the brain, or, in fact, anything remarkable in the sensations of any organ or structure, I am to believe it to be occupied by worms, lying there plying their horrid craft, working away like cunning sappers and miners, and breaking down and burrowing beneath the strongholds of my existence. Here he seizes the long tube containing the pet hobby, and tracks out with it, on the brilliantly coloured representation of the man fresh from the hands of the anatomist, the strong citadels, of which his hobbies take possession, and about which they delight to wander.

If I am to place an implicit belief in him, greater thieves than his hobby exist nowhere, or possess such ubiquity. They lie in wait, in cunning ambush, behind my tongue, and pounce upon my food at its earliest appearance; they seize upon it in most secret chambers and recesses, and steal it from me at every turn and corner of my mysterious mechanism. I pause here and inquire. I ask the sun to fall upon my ignorance or his.

Why does he torture my imagination with that great pet hobby of his—a formidable creature of unnumbered parts, having eyes everywhere, and mouths like fish-hooks? I say, having thus tortured me, why does he shew me this ravenous monster, taking roads which I know to be inaccessible, and wandering up and down the intricacies of my organism by strange channels and imaginary passages? Why does he start with him from his favourite lurking-place, the small intestines, thence to the liver, afterwards to the lungs, presently to the heart, ultimately to the brain, and finally leave him, as he says in his own words, 'atop of the windpipe awaiting for more food'?

I could desire to put a few leading questions to this philosopher, but I fear that his courtesy would not be equal to my curiosity; and that he might feel disposed to treat me in a manner anything but satisfactory to an inquiring mind. However, if these symptoms be mine, I have found light in my heaviness, and joy in my sorrow. My peripatetic friend offers it in boxes, at threepence; but as his mission is to alleviate anguish, and place a cure within reach of the poorest and most afflicted, he meets them liberally in their large requirements, and gives five for the shilling! If I go on as I am, the hobby will gain the day, and aid me in 'shuffling off this mortal coil' much earlier than I could desire; but if I place my hand to my purse, and present a shilling to this wandering philanthropist, he will relieve my days of their bitterness, and my body of its enemies.

The peripatetic Philosopher, Medical and Pedantic, is an unpleasantly rough-looking fellow; very red about the nose, as though he preferred other than the most simple of nature's beverages, and evidently priding himself upon what he undoubtedly considers an Abernethian deportment. In this, however, he is not singular; he is but one of a shoal of small minnows, who, floating in medical waters, copy the pike or jack in their peculiarities, and believe themselves jack and pike henceforth and for ever.

This philosopher's hobby is a herbal system of medicine. The temple of his wisdom is the street, and its dome the sky. He stands before a rude table overspread with roots and herbs, professionally variegated here and there with jars and gallipots. When he ceases his orations, which are neither learned nor lengthy, or when the passing crowds cease to observe himself or his wares, he retires into the mysterious pages of a very solid-looking volume, which forms part of his rather slender stock in trade. If I find him east, west, north, or south of St Paul's, I find him with this huge quarto either under his nose,

under his arm, or lying amongst the roots and herbs. He would as soon leave home without his roots and herbs as without this precious volume; each as much as the other is a part of his system.

He goes off at the profession about five times during the hour, like a sudden pistol-shot, and plunging at it with angry impetuosity, declares in the face of all men that the general and accepted science of medicine is nothing but a delusion and a snare; and contends boldly that those who practise it are either arrant knaves or shallow impostors. He tells me unhesitatingly that the system of *materia medica* under which we are physicked, is nothing less than a vile and dangerous assortment of noxious things. Herbs, roots, barks, and seeds, gathered from all corners of every part of the globe; minerals delved from the deep bowels of the earth, deadly compositions of chemical ingenuity, and matters stolen from unpleasing creatures, are guised under strange symbols and mystifying names, and so administered to us.

'Look here,' says he: 'does the bold lion or the cunning fox, the wise elephant or the intelligent dog, take iron, mercury, silver, arsenic, or copper, when his limbs are wounded, or his body sick? If none of these take such remedies for their diseases, tell me, why does man?'

My good friend, I will thank you to point your illuminated nose at some one better grounded in the subject than myself. I am not a naturalist, and have a great objection to be fired at in such a personal manner as you have just fired at me. I never saw the bold lion wounded, or the wise elephant sick, so, pray, turn your Bardolph visage to another member of the crowd, if you expect to get a rational answer.

In the dark days of olden times, men passed long years in searching diligently for the true stone of the philosopher. Over glowing crucibles, aided by subtle alchemy, they watched for that elixir, whereby they should be enabled to transmute base metals into those of a nobler sort—to make gold from absolute dross. But these sages of the street, whom I have dragged from their corners and hiding-places, are possessors of a more practical philosophy. They have fallen upon the secret of the true philosopher's stone; they practise upon materials more profitable and pliant; they distil real elixirs and precious substances. They may be cheats, and cunning knaves, but they nevertheless practise a true and philosophic alchemy, transforming materials the most base and worthless into bright and veritable gold!

BRAIN-SICKNESS.

THERE is so much obscurity about mental diseases, and so many erroneous notions are prevalent on the subject, that we may well hail the advent of a laborious work upon them* from a practitioner of the standing of Dr Forbes Winslow. After all, the present volume treats mainly of the incipient symptoms of mental disease, and will only be complete when followed, as the author intends, by two other works on organic affections of the brain, and on disorders of the intelligence 'cerebro-psychical in their nature.'

There is meanwhile furnished to us in this instalment a vast mass of valuable facts calculated to put us upon our guard regarding the approaches of cerebral disease. All modern observation on the subject converges in one aphorism as to the comparative curableness of such disease in its earlier stages; from whence, of course, arises the practical rule as to the expediency of putting it, as soon as possible, after being declared,

under proper treatment. On this ground, it becomes obvious that a goodly tome on little besides symptoms may be by no means thrown away. As it happens, moreover, the volume before us contains so many curious anecdotes and other particulars regarding persons cerebrally afflicted, that, even from the general student of human nature, it is entitled to a cordial welcome.

Few, we believe, are aware how often disease has begun in the brain long before any marked effect becomes observable in the intelligence or affections of the sufferer. 'The wit continues to dazzle, and the repartee has lost none of its brilliancy.' The fancy retains its playfulness, the memory its power, the conversation its perfect coherence and rationality. The afflicted person mixes as usual in society, sits at the head of his own table, entertains his guests, goes to the stock exchange, the counting-house, or bank, and engages actively in his professional duties, without exhibiting evidence, very conclusive to others, of his actual morbid mental condition. The change may have progressed insidiously and stealthily, having slowly and almost imperceptibly induced important molecular modifications in the delicate vesicular neurine of the brain, ultimately resulting in some aberration of the ideas, alteration of the affections, or perversion of the propensities and instincts. . . . The party may be an unrecognised monomaniac. . . . His conduct may be brutal to those who have the strongest claims upon his love, kindness, and forbearance, and yet his mental malady may be undetected.

Of this stealthy approach of the foe, Dr Winslow gives many curious illustrations. He tells us of a lady of good family and opulent circumstances who was discovered to have abstracted many articles of jewellery from shops where she dealt, and to have done this without any conceivable motive, as she made no use of the articles. Within a twelvemonth after, decided insanity declared itself. A similar case was that of a gentleman holding a high and confidential position in a bank—the relative of one of the partners—of simple habits and ample salary—remarkable for conscientious payments to his tradespeople—who was discovered to have purloined various small sums from the bank, which he had carefully concealed in the lining of some old clothes at home. In two years, this unfortunate gentleman proved to be insane. There is another case so curious that we shall give it in Dr Winslow's own words.

'A lady, moving in good society, happily married, accomplished, well educated, of sweet temper, and with a mind under the benign influence of religious principles, manifested, at the age of forty-five, a sudden and an extraordinary change of character and habits. She became irritable from trifling causes; was continually quarrelling with her husband and servants; discharged her tradesmen, accusing them of acts of dishonesty; and offended many of her most intimate friends and relations by her cold, and often repulsive manner. This state of mind continued for two years, during which period she played the capricious tyrant within the sphere of the domestic circle. Her husband became nearly broken-hearted; his friends and relations could not enter his house without being insulted; he neglected his business, and his health became seriously impaired from constant anxiety. A new phase of the malady, however, exhibited itself. She one day accused her husband of gross infidelity. Proofs were demanded. She immediately produced several anonymous letters which she had received, containing a minute, circumstantial, and apparently truthful account of her husband's misconduct. These letters appeared to substantiate, as conclusively as such documentary evidence could do, her accusation. No person doubted the genuineness of these letters. Her friends, however, refused to recognise, even at this time, her actual morbid state of mind.

* On *Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind*, &c. By Forbes Winslow, M.D. Churchill, London. 1890. Pp. 722.

She subsequently had an epileptic seizure, followed by partial paralysis. I then saw the case. Her cerebral condition being at this time apparent, she was removed from home. It was now discovered, beyond a doubt, that this lady had written the anonymous letters to herself, accusing her husband of infidelity, had addressed and posted them, and had eventually become impressed with the conviction that the letters were actually written by a stranger, and contained a true statement of facts. They had, as it afterwards appeared, been concealed about her person for nearly six months!

In a large class of cases, the domestic affections are depraved. The genial husband and father becomes harsh and tyrannical—the frank and unsuspecting becomes jealous and suspicious—the pure-minded and delicate betray passions and use language of a gross kind. There is a curious story here of a young lady who, under a temporary cloud of the intellect, conceived a frantic attachment to a married clergyman whom she had once heard in the pulpit, and began to persecute him with love-letters. Another frequent symptom is an exuberance of spirits, an excessive buoyancy and exaltation of the mind, in which the party seems disposed to act in a manner considerably different from what is customary with him. A man in this state was, long ago in Scotland, called *sey*, as moved by a fatal impulse; and perhaps it was some special exemplification of this condition, which caused the ancient poet to say, *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat amore*. Dr Winslow informs us that, in its ultimate character, this condition is found attended with decided disease of the brain. On the other hand, extreme depression of spirits, producing *tadium vite* and a disposition to suicide, is also amongst the most frequent symptoms of the coming evil.

Among the intellectual symptoms, one of a very curious character expresses itself in strange freaks of memory; for example, one gentleman transposed the letters of words; *gum* becoming *mug*; *Aute, tuft*, and so forth. Another could only remember first syllables. One forgot dates; another, names. A French soldier, receiving a bullet into his *os frontis* at Waterloo, lost thereby his memory for proper names and certain other substantives. The present writer may state a reason he has for believing that very little cerebral change can be required for such results; namely, that, when away from home, especially if travelling rapidly, his memory for names is considerably impaired. But there are patients who forget their own designations. 'Mr Von B—', formerly envoy to Madrid, and afterwards to St Petersburg, a man of a serious turn of mind, yet by no means hypochondriacal, went out one morning to pay a number of visits. Among other houses at which he called, there was one where the servants did not know him, and where he consequently was under the necessity of giving in his name; but this he had at that moment entirely forgotten. Turning round immediately to a gentleman who had accompanied him, he said with much earnestness: "For God's sake, tell me who I am!" The question excited laughter; but as Mr Von B— insisted on being answered, adding that he had entirely forgotten his own name, he was told it, upon which he finished his visit.

One very remarkable symptom of failure of or injury to the powers of the mind, is when an individual reverts to the use of some language familiar in early life, but long disused and, to appearance, forgotten. Dr Abercrombie has made us acquainted with many such cases, including that of a servant-girl who raved in scraps of Hebrew, which she was ascertained to have long before been accustomed to hear from a former master, a clergyman, as he read aloud in his study. Dr Carpenter says that, in such cases, there can be no doubt that 'some alterations either in the circulation of the blood or in the quality of the fluid, is the cause of changes which, operating

in the substance of the sensorium, reproduce the former sensations, just as a disturbance of the circulation in the retina occasions the sensation of flashes of light or other visual phenomena.' On the other hand, some sort of damage to the organ is occasionally attended with a good effect. A knock in the head improved the memory of Pope Clement VI. A lady, deranged after an accouchement, leaping into the street, and falling on her head, was restored to sanity. Of idiots brightened by a concussion of the caput, the instances are many. One reported on good authority by Dr Pritchard described one of a family of three idiotic children receiving a severe injury on the head; after which his faculties began to brighten, and he ultimately became a man of good talents, and entered at 'he bar, while his brothers remained idiots.

It is unnecessary to recommend Dr Winslow's book to the profession, as they will be informed of its character through organs of greater authority than ours; but we would point it out to general students as one that will give them a vast quantity of interesting information on a profoundly interesting subject.

THE FALSE FUNERAL.

I NEVER liked my uncle's business, though he took me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead; he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me, and I'll tell you the reason.

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighbourhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had heard of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr Elsworthy. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworthys were of good family, and very proud of it, though they had lost every acre of an old estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's dice and cock-fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend, who did something wrong in a government office, that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no house in all York where candles went further, and tea-leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters, and a cousin who lived with them. The mother was a stately old lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing, young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favourite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Honourable Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls beside her, without a penny for one of them; but Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was that she had not got married long ago, being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip-top pieces at all the parties. Half-a-dozen matches had been talked of for her, but somehow

they broke down one after another. Her father was rather impatient to see her off; so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr Elsworthy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated—isn't that the word?—at an assize ball, paid marked attentions at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a picnic, after Lord Harrowgate, the largest shareholder in the North-Eastern Bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a lord's niece with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection, does not come in every young man's way; so the wedding-day was fixed for the 1st of January; and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.

It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr Elsworthy fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr Elsworthy died. The whole neighbourhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathised with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. I think my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted family—how the mother went into fits, and the sisters tore their hair—how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days—and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh, or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I had never seen him do to any other; and when the workmen were gone home, he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.

The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church at Beverley, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of the family in two mourning-coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworthy to his last resting-place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants, in the workshop after-hours, and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral to take place next day, when, coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop,

and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I sat up with him that night. In a couple of hours, he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and 'Tom,' said he, 'haven't I been always kind to you?'

'No doubt of it, uncle,' said I.

'Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr Elsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at three, and they're very high people.'

'Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself.'

'I know you would, Tom—I know you would. I could trust you with the hearing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom; that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me'—and his voice sunk to a whisper—'that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any living, and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's no foul-play,' said he, for I began to look frightened; 'but maybe this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it; and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half, if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that.'

'Uncle,' said I, 'I'll promise, and keep it too; but you must tell me what it is.'

'Well, Tom'—and he drew a long breath—'it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air-holes: he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman, and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand, Mr Elsworthy didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back-parlour; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverley Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, and not screwed down, you see; and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr Elsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son the carrier. There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name.'

'Could he get off the marriage no easier?' said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.

'There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me. Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse.'

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking-line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my sense and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrowgate family; for the dowager-countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman, and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful; I suppose, on

account of the servants. Mr Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked closely into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes. Well, we set out, mourning-coaches, hearse, and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they shewed; but when we got out on the Beverley road, the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace: a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half-filled with Mr Elsworthy's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the clergyman started off to their homes; the mourning-coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without that news—and I slipped him the key at the church-door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton also; and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the jollification; but it wasn't right over, and I just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door-bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want, and how had he come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthys' family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning-coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. 'Thomas,' said he, 'this has turned out a bad business; and I cannot account for it; but Mr Elsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it, the better for all parties. I am going to Dr Adams, to take him down with me to Beverley. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy, to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we could trust; but I know it's of no use.'

The doctor's apprehension was well founded—Mr Elsworthy could not be recovered; and after trying everything to no purpose, they laid him down again in the coffin with air-holes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumour went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North-Eastern Bank. On investigation, they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

A COQUETTE.

I SAID, friend, and I told thee all,
My heart is but a house of call
For every pretty face;
But then I quite forgot to say,
One lady-guest refused to pay
Her bill, or leave the place.

For she can nothing better choose
Than still be asked, and still refuse,
She's such a sad coquette;
And then, alas! I nothing know
So sweet, as swearing I must go,
And lingering by her yet.

Her mind and body match her life:
She's grave enough for Tymon's wife,
Yet gay enough for me.
She's neither in her youth nor prime,
She's old enough for 'Father Time,'
Yet young enough for thee.

Two bright eyes peep above her fan,
Like urchins that have tricked a man,
And watch him o'er a wall;
One hand, she says, has ta'en to swell,
But which one 'tis, I cannot tell,
They're both so very small.

Her cheek has all the rose's wealth,
But 't cannot be the flush of health,
She's out so late o' night;
Her very sins make such array,
One blush ha'n't time to get away
Before the next 's in sight.

There are two lines upon her brow,
That were not graven by the plough
Of either time or care,
But little fairy cart-ruts be
Of Queen Mab's chariot, where she
Is ever driving there.

Her teeth are alabaster white;
Yet somehow, they're not quite aright,
But seem to lean and stare;
Though then 'tis done with such a grace,
You'd think she'd laughed them out of place,
They've such a jaunty air.

Her bosom's neither flushed nor white,
But has an ever-varying light,
As though it were in doubt;
But when it heaves, it heaves as though
A thousand little loves below
Were trying to get out!

But, ah me! she's a heart of stone,
That Cupid uses for a hone,
I verily believe,
And on it sharpens those eye-darts
With which he wounds the simple hearts
He's bribed her to deceive.

Admired of all, approving none,
But sought by those that wise men shun,
Such is this lady fine,
That, faith! if I the truth must tell,
Dear friend, although I wish thee well,
I'd rather yours than mine.

X.

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